

LOVE A LA MODE.

A

FARCE.

BY

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN. *KS*

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY

JOHN BELL, *British Library*, STRAND,
Bookseller to His ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE OF WALES.

M DCC XCIII.

LOVE A LAMODE

PLATE

MR. CHARLES MACKIN



THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY

LONDON

PRINTED AT

JOHN GILL, FINE ARTS, LONDON

By order of the Trustees of the British Museum

1854



Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir THEODORE GOODCHILD,	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Sir ARCHY MACSARCASM,	-	-	Mr. Wilson.
Sir CALLAGHAN O'BRALLAGHAN,		-	Mr. Johnstone.
Squire GROOM,	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. MORDECAI,	-	-	Mr. Quick.
Attorney,	-	-	Mr. Blarton.
Servant,	-	-	Mr. Ledger.

Woman.

Miss CHARLOTTE,	-	-	Miss Chapman.
-----------------	---	---	---------------



LOVE A LA MODE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir THEODORE, and CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte.

NAY, there can be no harm in a little mirth, guardian ; even those who happen to be the objects must approve the justice of it.

Sir Theo. But consider, Charlotte, what will the world say of me ? Will it not be in every mouth, that Sir Theodore Goodchild was a very imprudent man, in combining with his ward to turn her lovers into ridicule ?

Char. Not at all, sir : the world will applaud the mirth, especially when they know what kind of lovers they are ; and that the sole motive of their addresses was the lady's fortune. Well, sure, since the days of giants and enchanted castles, no poor damsel has been besieged by such a group of odd mortals ! Let me review my equipage of lovers ! The first upon the list is a beau Jew, who, in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman, and a man of taste.

Sir Theo. Aye, laugh at him as much as you will.

Char. The next is a downright English—Newmarket, stable-bred, gentleman jockey, who having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cocks, horses, and such polite company,

now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial match with a city fortune.

Sir Theo. Ha, ha, ha! I find, madam, you have perused the squire with great exactness.

Char. Pretty well, sir. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty, Caledonian knight; whose tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither sex nor age—it leaves none unvisited. All dread, and all feel it.

Sir Theo. Yes, yes, his insolence of family, and licentiousness of wit, have gained him the contempt and general toleration of mankind. But we must not look upon his spleen and ill-nature, my dear, as a national, but a personal vice.

Char. As such, sir, I always understand, and laugh at him. —Well, of all my swains, he is the most whimsical; his passion is to turn every mortal into ridicule; even I, the object of his flame, cannot escape; for while his avarice courts my fortune, his pride despises, and sneers at my birth.

Sir Theo. That, Charlotte, is only to show his wit.

Char. True, sir.—The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, guardian, a wild Irish, Prussian, hard-headed soldier, whose military humour, and fondness for his profession, make me fancy sometimes that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona had been his nurse, Mars his schoolmaster, and the Furies his playfellows.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Theo. Ha, ha, ha! O fyé, Charlotte, how can you be so severe upon my poor nephew?

Char. Upon my honour, Sir Theodore, I don't mean to be severe—for I like his character extremely;—ha, ha!

Sir Theo. Well, well; notwithstanding your mirth, madam, I assure you he has gain'd the highest esteem in his profession.—But what can you expect, my dear, from a soldier, a mere rough-hewn soldier, who, at the age of fifteen, would leave Ireland, his friends, and every other pursuit, to go a volunteer into the Prussian service, and there he has lived

seventeen years; so that I don't suppose he has six ideas out of his own profession?—Garrisons and camps have been the courts and academies that have formed him. But he ever had, from a child, a kind of military madness.

Char. O, I am in love with his warlike humour—I think it highly entertaining.

Sir Theo. As he has not made any direct addresses to you, Charlotte, let me inform him how improper such a step would be, and even let us leave him out of our scheme to-night.

Char. O, sir, impossible! Our day's sport, our plot, our every thing, would be imperfect without him: why, I intend him to be the leading instrument in the concert. One cannot possibly do without Sir Callaghan Brall—Bra—Brall—Pray, guardian, learn me to pronounce my lover's name.

Sir Theo. Thou art a mad creature! Well, madam, I will indulge your wicked mirth. His name is Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Char. O shocking! Callaghan O'Brallaghan! why, it is enough to choke one; and is as difficult to be uttered as a Welsh pedigree. Why, if the Fates should bring us together, I shall be obliged to hire an Irish interpreter, to go about with me, to teach the people to pronounce my name;—ha, ha, ha!

Sir Theo. You may laugh, madam; but he is as proud of that name as any of your lovers are of their titles. I suppose they all dine here.

Char. Certainly!—All but Squire Groom.

Sir Theo. O! you must not expect him; he is at York, he was to ride his great match there, yesterday. He will not be here, you may be sure.—Let me see:—What is't o'clock?—Almost three.—Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Order the coach to the door.

Serv. 'Tis ready, sir.

Sir Theo. I will but just step to Lincoln's Inn Hall, and see what they are doing in your cause; it is to be ended to-day. By the time I return, I suppose, your company will be come. A good morning to you, Charlotte.

Char. Sir, a good morning. [*Exit Sir Theodore.*]

Morde. [*Sings Italian without.*] Sir Theodore, your humble servant.

Sir Theo. [*Without.*] Mr. Mordecai, your most obedient.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Mordecai, madam.

Char. Show him in. [*Exit Servant.*]

Morde. [*Without.*] I see your coach is at the door. Sir Theodore, you dine with us, I hope?

Sir Theo. [*Without.*] Certainly, You'll find Miss Charlotte within. Your servant.

Morde. [*Without.*] Yours, Sir Theodore.

Enter MORDECAI, singing an Italian Air, and addressing Charlotte fantastically.

Char. O caro, caro, carissimo.

Morde. Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia! here let me kneel, and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport breathe my last. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Char. Ha, ha, ha! softly, softly! you would not sure breathe your last yet, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Why, no, madam, I would live a little longer for your sake. [*Bowing very low.*]

Char. Ha, ha, ha! you are infinitely polite—but a truce with your gallantry—why, you are as gay as the sun;—I

think I never saw any thing better fancied than that suit of yours, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. Ha, ha!—a—well enough—just as my tailor fancied—ha, ha, ha! Do you like it, madam?

Char. Quite elegant: I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau, better than Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. O dear madam, you are very obliging.

Char. I think you are called Beau Mordecai by every body.

Morde. Yes, madam, they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

Char. No body more: for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But do you know that I have heard of your extraordinary court the other night, at the Opera, to Miss Sprightly?

Morde. O heavens, madam, how can you be so severe? that the woman has designs, I steadfastly believe; but as to me—oh!—

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, nay, you must not deny it; for my intelligence is from very good hands.

Morde. Pray, who may that be?

Char. Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Morde. Oh, shocking! the common Pasquin of the town: besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for veracity in his narrations.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always makes amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr. Mordecai.

Morde. O cuor mio! how can you think so? bating his scandal, dull, dull as an alderman, after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! O surfeiting, surfeiting!

Morde. The man indeed has something droll—something ridiculous in him;—his abominable Scots accent, his gro-

tesque visage, almost buried in snuff, the roll of his eyes, and twist of his mouth, his strange inhuman laugh, his tremendous periwig, and his manner altogether, indeed, has something so caricaturely risible in it, that, ha, ha, ha! may I die, madam, if I don't always take him for a mountebank-doctor at a Dutch fair.

Char. Oh, oh! what a picture has he drawn! Why, you're as severe in your portraits as Sir Archy himself.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Archy Macsarcasm is below, madam.

Char. Show him up.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Morde. Don't you think, madam, he is a horrid, foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow? he is worse to me, madam, than assafoetida, or a tallow-chandler's shop in the dog-days; his filthy high-dried poisons me, and his scandal is grosser than a hackney news-writer's: Madam, he is as much despised by his own countrymen, as by the rest of the world. The better sort of Scotland never keep him company; but that is *entre nous, entre nous.*

Sir Archy. [*Speaks without.*] Randol, bid Sawney be here with the chariot at eight o'clock exactly.

Enter Sir ARCHY. Mordecai runs up to embrace him.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! my cheeld of circumcision, gee us a wag of thy loofe; hoo dun ye do, my bonny Girgishite?

Morde. Always at your service, Sir Archy.—He stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop. [*Aside.*]

Sir Archy. Weel, Mordecai, I see yee are as deeligent in the service o' yeer mistress, as in the service of yeer leuking glass; for yeer face and yeer thoughts are always turned upon the one or the other.

Morde. And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like a lawyer's tongue, will ever retain its usual politeness and good nature.

Char. [*Coming forward.*] Ha, ha, ha! civil and witty on both sides. Sir Archy, your most obedient. [*Curtseys.*

Sir Archy. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I did na' observe ye: I hope I see yeer ladyship weel. Ah! yee look like a deeveenity. [*Bowing awkwardly and low.*

Char. Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

Sir Archy. Weel, madam, I see my friend Mordecai here is determined to bear away the prize frai us all! Ha, ha, ha! he is trick'd out in aw the colours of the rainbow.

Char. Mr. Mordecai is always well dressed, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Upon honour he is as fine as a jay. Turn about, man, turn about, let us view yeer finery:—step along, and let us see yeer shapes—he has a bonny march wi' him: vary weel, vary elegant.—Ha, ha, ha! guid traith, I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dressed in aw my life.

[*Viewing and admiring his dress.*

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Morde. You are very polite, sir.

Char. But, Sir Archy, what is become of my Irish lover, your friend, Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

Sir Archy. Ah, ah! guid faith, wool he! I have brought him along wi' me.

Char. What! is he in the house?

Sir Archy. Ay, in this very mansion, madam; for ye mun ken, that, like the monarchs of awld, I never travel noo without my fool.

Char. Then, pray, Sir Archy, exhibit your fool.

Morde. Let's have a slice of him.

Sir Archy. Jauntly, jauntly, not so fast! he is not in reeght order yet.

Char. How do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Madam, as we came heether, I coonsell'd him to wreet a loove epostle till ye, by way of introduction tull his courtship; he is now about it below stairs, and in ten

meenutes yee mun leuck to see an amorous beellet, sic as has nai been penn'd sin the days of Don Quixote;—ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. O charming! I shall be impatient till I see his passion upon paper.

Sir Archy. Guid faith, madam, he has done that already; for he has composed a jargon, that he calls a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he tarms you. Mordecai, yee have heard him sing it.

Morde. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Madam, we had him last night at the tavern, and made him give it to us in an Irish howl, that might be heard from hence to West Chester.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! why ye have a deevilish deal of wit, Mordecai.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! I must hear this song.

Morde. Madam, your servant;—I will leave Sir Archy to entertain you for a few minutes.

Char. You are not going, Mr. Mordecai?

Morde. Madam, I am only going down stairs, to see if Sir Callaghan is disengaged; and, if he be, to have a laugh at him before dinner, by way of a whet—that's all, madam, only by way of a whet. [*Going.*]

Sir Archy. But, hark'e, Mordecai, not a seelable o' the letter.

Morde. O never fear me, Sir Archy, I am as secret as a spy.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Archy. What a fantastical baboon this Eesrelite makes of himself! The fellow is the mockery of the whole nation.

Char. Why, to say the truth, he is entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. O yes, he is rediculous, therefore very useful in society—for wherever he comes there must be laughter.—But, now, madam, eef yee please, a word or twa of oor ain

maiters; ye see I do na paster yee with flames, and darts, and seeghings, and lamentations, and freevolous protestations, like yeer silly loovers in a romance; for yee ken, I awways speak my thoughts wi' a blunt integrity:—Madam, I loove you, and guin I deed not, I would scorn to say it.

Char. O, Sir Archy, all the world allows your sincerity, which is the most valuable quality a friend or a lover can possess.

Sir Archy. Vary true, madam; therefore I cannot help giving yee a hint, by way of a leetle foreknowledge, concerning these things that are aboot ye, who caw themselves yeer lovers.—Squire Groom, doubtless, is a man of honour, and my vary guid friend; but he is a baggar, a baggar—and, touching this Mordecai, the fallow is wealthy, 'tis true; yes, yes, he is wealthy, but he is a reptile, a mere reptile!—and, as to the Irishman, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fallow is weel enough to laugh at, but I would ha' yee leuk aboot yee there, for yee ken that yeer guardian is his uncle, and, to my certain knowledge, there is a deseign upon yeer fortune in that quarter, depend upon it.

Char. Very possible, Sir Archy, very possible; for a woman's fortune, I believe, is the principal object of every lover's wish.

Sir Archy. Madam, yeer observation is very orthodox! very orthodox, in truth—as to Mordecai, Sir Callaghan, Squire Groom, and sic like fallows; but men of honour! men of honour, madam, have other principles. I assure yee, lady, the tenure of my affection is nai for yeer pecuniar, but for the mental graces of yeer soul, and the deevne parfections of yeer body, which are indeed to me a Peru and a Mexico.

Char. O, Sir Archy, you overwhelm me.

Sir Archy. Madam, I speak upon the verity of mine honour; beside, madam, guin ye marry me, ye wool marry a man of sobreeity and economy: 'tis true, I am not in the hey-day of blood, yet, as the poet sings, far fra' the vale of years; not like your young flashy whupsters, that go off like a squib or a cracker, on a rejoicing night, in a noise and a stanch, and are never heard of after.

Char. You are certainly right, Sir Archy, the young fellows of fashion are mere trifles.

Sir Archy. They are baubles, madam, absolute baubles and prodigals, tharefore yee should preponderate the maiter weel, before yee mak yeer election. Consider, madam, there is nait scant of wealth or honour in oor fameely. Lady, we hai in the hoose of Macsarcasm, twa barons, three vicounts, six earls, yane marquissate, and twa dukes—besides baronets and lairds oot of aw reckoning.

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. What gars yee laugh, madam?

Char. I beg your pardon, sir; but—ha, ha, ha! I am laughing to—ha, ha, ha! to think what a—ha, ha! a number of noble relations I shall have.

Sir Archy. Faith wool ye, madam, and other guess fameelies than ye hai in this part of the world. Odzwuns, madam, there is as much deefference betweext oor nobeelity o' the North, and yours o' the South, as there is betwixt a haund of blood and a mungrel.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! pray how do you make out that, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Why, madam, in Scotland, aw our nobeelity are sprung frai monarchs, warriors, heroes, and glorious achievements; now, here i' the South, ye are aw sprung frai sugar hogsheads, rum puncheons, wool-packs, hop-sacks, iron bars, and tar jackets; in short, ye are a composition of Jews,

Turks, and refugees, and of aw the commercial vagrants of the land and sea—a sort of amphibious breed ye are.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! we are a strange mixture indeed—nothing like so pure and noble as you are in the North.

Sir Archy. O naithing like it, madam, naithing like it—we are of anaither kadney. Now, madam, as yee yoursel are nai weel propagated, as yee hai the misfortune to be a cheeld o' commerce, yee should endeavour to mak yeer espousals intul yane of oor auncient noble fameelies of the North; for yee mun ken, madam, that sic an alliance wull purify yeer blood, and gi' yee a ronk and consequence in the world, that aw yeer palf, were it as muckle as the bank of Edenburgh, could not purchase for you.

Char. Very true, Sir Archy, very true; upon my word, your advice is friendly and impartial, and I will think of it.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Here he is! he is coming, madam! he is but just giving some orders to his servant about his baggage and post-horses.

Char. I hope he is not going away.

Morde. Troth is he, madam; he is impatient to be with the army in Germany. [*Sir Callaghan, and Servant within.*]

Sir Call. Are Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Sir Call. Then I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir Call. Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning. [*Salutes her.*]

Char. Sir Callaghan, your humble servant—I am sorry

to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany, for this winter.

Sir Call. Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it began again : a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do ; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir Archy. Vary true, sir, vary true. But, Sir Callaghan, just as yee enter'd the apartment, the lady was urging she should like it mightily, guin yee would favour her wi' a sleet narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

Char. If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

Sir Call. O, dear madam, don't ax me.

Char. Sir, I beg pardon, I would not press any thing that I thought might be disagreeable to you.

Sir Call. O, dear madam, it is not for that ; but it rebutes a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skirmages—it looks like gasconading and making the fanfaron. Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a battle.

Char. How so, sir ?

Sir Call. Why, madam, there is so much doing every where, there is no knowing what is done any where ; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling every where—and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind—and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir Archy. As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive account that he gives of a battle.

Char. Admirable ! and very entertaining.

Mor. O, delightful !

Sir Archy. Mordecai, ask him some questions—to him—to him, mun—hai a leetle fun wi' him—smoke him, smoke him—rally him, mun, rally him. [*Whispering.*]

Morde. I'll do it, I'll do it—yes, I will smoke the captain.—Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle ?

Sir Call. Sir !

Morde. I say, sir, how many might you have killed in any one battle ?

Sir Call. Kill ? Um !—Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat.—Ha ! are you answer'd, Mr. Mordecai ?

Morde. Yes, yes, sir, I am answer'd—He is a devilish droll fellow—vastly queer.

Sir Archy. Yes, he is very queer.—But yee were very sharp upon him.—Odswuns, at him again, at him again—have another cut at him.

Morde. Yes, I will have another cut at him.

Sir Archy. Do, do.—He wull bring himself intill a damn'd scrape presently. [*Aside.*]

Morde. [*Going to Sir Callaghan, and sneering him*] He, he, he ! but heark'e, Sir Callaghan,—he, he, he !—give me leave to tell you now, if I was a general—

Sir Call. You a general ! 'Faith, then, you would make a very pretty general ! [*Turns Mordecai about*] Pray, madam, look at the general—ha, ha, ha !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir Call. O my dear Mr. Mordecai, be advised, and don't prate about generals ; it is a very hard trade to learn, and

requires being in the field late and early—a great many frosty nights and scorching days—to be able to eat and drink, and laugh and rejoice, with danger on one side of you, and death on the other—and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than I do of being a high priest of a synagogue: so hold your tongue about generals, Mr. Mordecai, and go and mind your lottety-tickets, and your cent. per cent. in 'Change Alley.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! he haith tickled up the Israelite—he hai gin it the Moabite on baith sides of his lugs.

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, sure you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you have gone through?

Sir Call. Ho! to be sure, madam, who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

Morde. Ha, ha, ha! that is an excellent bull!—death a reward!—Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence I hope, how do you make death being a reward?

Sir Call. How! Why don't you know that?

Morde. Not I, upon honour.

Sir Call. Why, a soldier's death in the field of battle is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Very well explain'd, Sir Callaghan.

Sir Archy. Axcellently weel! very logically, and like a true hero.

Sir Call. Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America comes to be written, there is your own brave young general, that died the other day in the field of battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Char. You are right, Sir Callaghan: his virtues, and those of his fellow soldiers in that action—aye, and of those that plann'd it too, will be remember'd by their country, while Britain or British gratitude has a being.

Sir Archy. Oh! the Highlanders did guid service in that action—they cut them, and slash'd them, and whapt them about, and play'd the vary deevil wi' em, sir. There is na sic thing as standing a Highlander's Andrew Ferrara—they wull slaughie off a fellow's head at one dash, slap; it was they that did the business at Quebec.

Sir Call. I dare say they were not idle, for they are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir Archy; I assure you, your countrymen are good soldiers—aye, and so are ours too.

Char. Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure you I am charmed with your heroism, and greatly obliged to you for your account. Come, Mr. Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theodore, for I think I heard his coach stop.

Morde. Madam, I attend you with pleasure; will you honour me with the tip of your ladyship's wedding finger? Sir Callaghan, your servant: yours, yours, look here, here.

[Exit, leading Charlotte.]

Sir Call. I find he is a very impertinent coxcomb, this same Beau Mordecai.

Sir Archy. Yes, sir, he is a damned impudent rascal.

Sir Call. I assure you I had a great mind to be upon the qui-vive with him for his jokes and his mockeries, but that the lady was by.

Sir Archy. Yes, he is a cursed impudent fellow—because he is suffered to speak tull a man of fashion at Bath, and Tunbridge, and other public places, the rascal always obtrudes himself upon you. But, Sir Callaghan, hai yee wreeten the letter to the lady?

Sir Call. I have not.

Sir Archy. Hoo happened that, mon?

Sir Call. Why, upon reflecting, I found it would not be consisting with the decorums of a man of honour to write to a lady in the way of matrimonial advances, before I had first made my affections known to her guardian, who is, you know, my uncle; so I have indited the letter to him, instead of the lady, which is the same thing, you know.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha! exactly, exactly, for so yee do but wreete about it, yee ken, it maiters not to whom.

Sir Call. Ay, that is what I thought myself; so here it is. [*Takes out a letter, and reads.*] ‘To Sir Theodore Goodchild’—

Sir Archy. Ay, let’s have it—I warrant ’tis a boney epistle.

Sir Call. [*Reads.*]

‘SIR,

‘As I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild, uncle, I do not think it would be consisting vid a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel’—

Sir Archy. That is an excellent remark, Sir Callaghan—an excellent remark, and vary new.

Sir Call. Yes, I think it is a good remark. [*Reads*] ‘Therefore I thought proper, before I proceeded any farther, (for I have done nothing as yet) to break my mind to you, before I engage the affections of the young lady.’—You see, Sir Archy, I intend to carry the place like a soldier, à la militaire, as we say abroad—for I make my approaches regularly to the breast work, before I attempt the covered way.

Sir Archy. Axcellent! that’s axcellent.

Sir Call. Yes, I think it will do. [*Reads*] ‘For, as you are a gentleman, and one that knows my family by my fader’s side, which you are shenshible is as ould as any in the three kingdoms, and oulder too—So I thought it would be foolish to stand shilli-shally any longer, but come to the point at once.—You see, Sir Archy, I give him a rub; but by way of

a hint about my family, because why, do you see, Sir Theodore is my uncle only by my moder's side, which is a little upstart family, that came in vid one Strongbow but t'other day—Lord, not above six or seven hundred years ago; whereas my family by my fader's side are all the true old Melesians, and related to the O'Flaherty's, and O'Shocknesses, and the Mac Laughlins, the O'Donnaghans, O'Callaghans, O'Geogaghans, and all the tick blood of the nation—and I myself, you know, am an O'Brallaghan, which is the ouldest of them all.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! ay, ay! I believe you are of an auncient family, Sir Callaghan; but you are oot in one point.

Sir Call. What is that, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Where yee said yee were as auncient as any family i' the three kingdoms.

Sir Call. Faith, den, I said nothing but truth.

Sir Archy. Hut, hut, hut away, mon, hut away, ye mo no say that; what the de'el, consider our fameelies i' th' North: why yee of Ireland, sir, are but a colony frai us, an ootcast! a mere ootcast, and as such yee remain tull this hoor.

Sir Call. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, that is the Scotch account, which, you know, never speaks truth, because it is always partial; but the Irish history, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemus Thurlough Shannaghan O'Brallaghan, and he says, in his chapter of genealogy, that the Scots are all Irishmen's bastards.

Sir Archy. Hoo, sir! baistards! do yee make us illegeetemate, illegeetemate, sir?

Sir Call. 'Faith, I do—for the youngest branch of our family, one Mac Fergus O'Brallaghan, was the very man that went from Carrickfergus, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands; so that, my dear Sir Archy, you must be bastards of course, you know.

Sir Archy. Hark'e, Sir Callaghan, though yeer ignorance and vanity would make conquerors and ravishers of yeer auncestors, and harlots and Sabines of our maithers—yat, yee shall prove, sir, that their issue are aw the cheeldren of honour.

Sir Call. Hark'e, hark'e, Sir Archy, what is that ye mentioned about ignorance and vanity?

Sir Archy. Sir, I denoonce yee both ignorant and vain, and make yeer most of it.

Sir Call. Faith, sir, I can make nothing of it; for they are words I don't understand, because they are what no gentleman is used to: and therefore you must unsay them.

Sir Archy. Hoo, sir! eat my words?—a North Briton eat his words?

Sir Call. Indeed you must, and this instant eat them.

Sir Archy. Yee shall first eat a piece of this weapon.

[*Draws.*]

Sir Call. Poo, poo, Sir Archy, put up, put up—this is no proper place for such work; consider, drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and ought always to be done in private: we may be prevented here; but if you are for a little of that fun, come your ways to the right spot, my dear.

Sir Archy. No equeevocation, sir—donna yee think yee ha' gotten Beau Mordecai to cope with. Defend yeersel; for, by the sacred honour of Saint Andrew, yee shall be responsible for macking us illegeetemate, sir, illegeetemate.

Sir Call. Then, by the sacred crook of Saint Patrick, you are a very foolish man to quarrel about such a trifle. But since you have a mind for a tilt, have at you, my dear, for the honour of the sod. Oho! my jewel! never fear us, you are as welcome as the flowers in May.

[*They fight.*]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. O! bless me, gentlemen! What are you doing? What is all this about?

Sir Call. Madam, it is about Sir Archy's great grandmother.

Char. His great grandmother!

Sir Call. Yes, madam, he is angry that I said my ancestor, Fergus O'Brallaghan, was a gallant of theirs.

Char. Grandmother! Pray, Sir Archy, what is the meaning of all this?

Sir Archy. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a whole nation.

Sir Call. I am sure, if I did, it was more than I intended; I only argued out of the History of Ireland, to prove the antiquity of the O'Brallaghans.

Sir Archy. Weel, sir, since yee say yee did na intend the affront, I am satisfied. [*Puts up his sword.*]

Sir Call. Not I, upon my honour: there are two things I am always afraid of; the one is, of being affronted myself—and the other, of affronting any man.

Sir Archy. Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Char. That is a prudent and a very generous maxim, Sir Callaghan. Sir Archy, pray let me beg that this business may end here: I desire you will embrace, and be the friends you were before this mistake happened.

Sir Archy. Madam, yeer commands are absolute.

Char. Sir Callaghan——

Sir Call. Madam, with all my heart and soul. I assure you, Sir Archy, I had not the least intention of affronting or quarrelling with you. [*Offers to embrace.*]

Sir Archy. [*Starting from him with contempt.*] Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Sir Call. Oh! the curse of Cromwell upon your proud Scotch stomach!

Char. Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see you are come to a right understanding—I hope 'tis all over.

Sir Archy. I am satisfied, madam; there is an end on't. But now, Sir Callaghan, let me tell yee ass a friend, yee should never enter intul a dispute aboot leeterature, history, or the anteequity of fameelies, frai yee ha' gotten sick a wecked, aukard, cursed jargon upon your tongue, that yee are never inteelegeble in yeer language.

Sir Call. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, it is you that have got such a cursed twist of a fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it to you.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is droll enough, upon honour—yee are as guid ass a farce or a comedy; but yee are oot again, Sir Callaghan—it is yee that hai the brogue, and not me; for aw the world kens I speak the Sooth Country so weel, that wherever I gang, I am awways taken for an Englishman: but we wool make judgment by the lady which of us twa has the brogue.

Sir Call. O, with all my heart. Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Char. Ha, ha, ha! not in the least, Sir Callaghan, not in the least.

Sir Call. I am sure I could never perceive it.

Char. Pray, Sir Archy, drop this contention, or we may chance to have another quarrel—you both speak most elegant English; neither of you has the brogue, neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The ladies are come, madam, and Sir Theodore desires to speak with you.

Char. I will wait on him. [*Exit Serv.*] Gentlemen, your servant—you will come to us? [*Exit.*]

Sir Archy. Instantly, madam. Weel, Sir Callaghan, donna let us drop the deseeign of the letter, notwithstanding what has happened.

Sir Call. Are we friends, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Pooh! upon honour am I; it was aw a mistake.

Sir Call. Then give me your hand; I assure you, Sir Archy, I always love a man when I quarrel with him, after I am friends.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, gentlemen.

Sir Archy. Come along then, Sir Callaghan—I will bring yee and the lady together after deener, and then we shall see hoo yee will make yeer advances in love.

Sir Call. O never fear me, Sir Archy—I will not stay to make a regular siege of it, but will take her at once with a coup de main, or die upon the spot: for as the old song says, Sir Archy— [*Sings to an Irish tune.*]

You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,

In love, or in battle, in love, or in battle;

We are always on duty, and ready for beauty,

Tho' cannons do rattle, tho' cannons do rattle:

By day and by night, we love and we fight;

We're honour's defender, we're honour's defender;

The foe and the fair, we always take care

*To make them surrender, to make them surrender. [*Exeunt.*]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter Sir ARCHY, and CHARLOTTE.

Sir Archy.

ADZWUNS, madam, step in tul us for a moment, yee wul crack yoursel wi' laughter; we hai gotten anaither feul come to deevert us unexpectedly, which I think is the highest finished feul the age has produced.

Char. Whom do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Squire Groom, madam; but such a figure, the finest yee ever beheld: his leetle half beuts, black cap, jockey dress, and aw his pontificalibus, just as he rid the match yesterday at Yorke. Anteequity, in aw its records of Greek and Roman folly, never produced a senator, veeseting his mistress, in so compleat a feul's garb.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous! I thought I had done wondering at the mirror of folly; but he is one of those geniuses that never appear without surprising the world with some new stroke.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. O madam! ha, ha, ha! I am expiring—such a scene betwixt your two lovers, Squire Groom and Sir Callaghan!—They have challenged each other.

Char. O heavens, I hope not.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! that's guid, that's guid! I thought it would come to action; ha, ha, ha! that's clever—now we shall hai one of them penk'd; ha, ha, ha!

Char. How can you laugh, Sir Archy, at such a shocking circumstance?

Morde. Don't be frightened, madam, ha, ha, ha! don't

be frightened ! neither of them will be killed ; take my word for it—unless it be with claret, for that's their weapon.

Char. O Mr. Mordecai, how could you startle one so ?

Sir Archy. Oh ! I am sorry for that—guid faith, I was in hopes they had a mind to show their prowess before their meestress, and that we should hai a leetle Irish or Newmarket blood spilt ;—but what was the cause of challenge, Mordecai ?

Morde. Their passion for this lady, sir. Squire Groom challenged Sir Callaghan to drink your ladyship's health in a pint bumper—which the knight gallantly accepted in an instant, and returned the challenge in a quart—which was as gallantly received and swallowed by the squire, ha, ha, ha ! and out-brav'd by a fresh daring of three pints : upon which I thought proper to decamp ; not thinking it altogether safe to be near the champions, lest I should be deluged by a cascade of claret.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Char. O, monstrous ! they will kill themselves.

Morde. Never fear, madam.

Groom. [*Witbin, hallooing.*] Come along, Sir Callaghan Brallaghan, haux, haux ! hark forward, my honies.

Morde. Here your champion comes, madam.

Enter Squire GROOM, drunk.

Groom. Madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner—it was not my fault, upon my honour—for I sat up all night, on purpose to set out betimes ; but, about one o'clock, last night, at York, as we were all damn'd jolly, that fool, Sir Roger Bumper, borrowed my watch to set his by it :—there it is—look at it, madam, it corrects the sun—they all stop by it, at Newmarket :—And so, madam, as I was telling you, the drunken blockhead put mine back two hours, on purpose to deceive me—otherwise I would have held fifty to one I should have been here to a second.

Char. O, sir, there needs no apology; but how came you to travel in that extraordinary dress?

Groom. A bett, a bett, madam—I rid my match in this very dress, yesterday: So Jack Buck, Sir Roger Bumper, and some more of them, laid me an hundred each that I would not ride to London and visit you in it, madam—ha, ha! don't you think I have touched them, madam? ha! I have taken them all in—ha! hav'n't I, madam?

Onnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. You have, indeed, sir; pray what time do you allow yourself to come from York to London?

Groom. Ha! time! Why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-three seconds—sometimes three or four seconds under, that is, to the Stone's end, not to my own house.

Sir Archy. No, no, not tull yeer own hooose, that would be too much.

Groom. No, no, only to the Stone's end; but then, I have my own hacks, steel to the bottom, all blood—stickers and lappers every inch, my dear—that will come through if they have but one leg out of the four. I never keep any thing, madam, that is not bottom—game, game to the last; ay, ay, you will find every thing that belongs to me game, madam.

Sir Archy. Ha, ha, ha! weel seed, squore—yes, yes, he is game, game to the bottom.—There, walk about, and let us see yeer shapes. Ha! what a fine feegure! why, yee are so fine a feegure, and hai so guid a understanding for it, it is a peety yee should ever do any thing aw yeer life, but ride horse-races. Do na yee think he is a cursed ideot, Mordecai?

[*Whispering* Mordecai.

Morde. Um! he is well enough for a squire—ha, ha!

Groom. Madam, I am come to pay my respects to you, according to promise. Well, which of us is to be the happy

man? you know I love you—may I never win a match, if I don't!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. O, sir, I am convinced of your passion, I see it in your eyes.

Sir Archy. Weel, but, squire, you hai gi us na account how the match went.

Char. Pray, what was the match, sir?

Groom. Our contribution, madam. There are seven of us:—Jack Buck—Lord Brainless—Bob Rattle—(you know Bob, madam, Bob's a damned honest fellow)—Sir Harry Idle—Dick Riot—Sir Roger Bumper—and myself. We put in five hundred a piece, all to ride ourselves, and all to carry my weight. The odds at starting were six and seven to four against me, the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one—for you must know, madam, the thing I was to have rid was let down—do you mind?—was let down, madam, in his exercise.

Sir Archy. That was unlucky.

Groom. O, damned unlucky! however, we started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half mile, madam, you might have cover'd us with your under petticoat. But your friend Bob, madam, ha, ha! I shall never forget it; poor Bob went out of the course, and ran over two attorneys, an exciseman, and a little beau Jew, Mordecai's friend, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath—a little, fine, dirty thing, with a chocolate colour'd phiz, just like Mordecai's.—The people were in hopes he had kill'd the lawyers, but were damnably disappointed, when they found he had only broke a leg of one, and the back of the other.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. And hoo did it end, squire? Who won the subscription?

Groom. It lay between Dick Riot and me. We were neck

and neck, madam, for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground—made running every inch;—but at the first loose, I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pull'd up—pretended to dig and cut—all fudge, all fudge, my dear; gave the signal to pond, to lay it on thick—had the whip hand all the way—lay with my nose in his flank, under the wind—thus snug, snug, my dear, quite in hand; while Riot was digging and lapping, right and left—but it would not do, my dear, against foot, bottom, and head; so within a hundred yards of the distance post, poor Dick knock'd up, as stiff as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself, and to touch them all round; for I took all the odds, split me—Ha! wasn't I right?—Ha! took the odds. Ay, ay, took all the odds, my dear.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. Weel, it is wonderful to think to what a pitch of axcellence oor nobeelity are arrived at in the art of sporting; I believe we axcel aw the nobeelity in Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I will do—I will start a horse, fight a main, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match, or a fox chace, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast, with any nobleman in Europe, for a thousand each—and I say done first, damn me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. Why, I know ye wull, and I will gang yeer holves. Why, madam, the squire is the keenest sportsman in aw Europe: Madam, there is naithing comes amiss tull him; he will fish, or fowl, or hunt—he hunts every thing; eevery thing, frai the flee i' the blonket to the elephant in the forest.—He is at aw—a perfect Nimrod; are yee not, squeere?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Groom. Yes, damn me, I am a Nimrod, madam; at all, at

all—any thing, any thing.—Why, I ran a snail with his grace, the other day, for five hundred—nothing in it—won it hollow, above half a horn's length.

Sir Archy. By above half a horn's length?—that was hollow indeed, squire.

Groom. O, devilish hollow.

Sir Archy. But where is Sir Callaghan aw this time?

Groom. O! he's with Sir Theodore, who is joking him about his drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

Sir Archy. Ye mun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I hai laid a scheme to hai a leetle sport with Sir Callaghan—now, if yee wool stoop behind that screen, and promise to be silent, I'll gang and fetch him, and yee shall hear him make love as fierce as any hero in a tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir Archy. Then do yee retire, madam, and come in tull him, as if yee came on purpose—I'll fetch him in an instant.

Char. I shall be ready, Sir Archy. [Exit.

Sir Archy. Get yee behind, get yee behind, gentlemen.

[Exit.

Groom. Ay, ay, we'll squat, never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love. What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Morde. Something very like it, I dare say, squire. Let us retire, here they come. [Both retire.

Enter SIR ARCHY, and SIR CALLAGHAN.

Sir Archy. Speak bawldly, mon; yee ken the old proverb, 'Faint heart——'

Sir Call. That is true——'never won fair lady.'—Yes, I think now I have got a bumper or two, I may tell her my passion, and bring the point to an eclclaircissement.

Sir Archy. Ay, that's reeght, mon! steek to that, she wull be wi' yee in a twankling. Yeer servant, I wish yee guid success. [Exit.]

Sir Call. Sir Archy, your servant! Well, now what am I to do in this business?—I know it is a great scandal for a soldier to be in love in time of war—I strive to keep her out of my mind, but cann't; the more I strive to do it, the more she comes in. I am upon the forlorn hope here, so must e'en make my push with vigour at once.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Sir Callaghan, your servant.

Sir Call. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon, for not seeing of you sooner; but I was spaking a soliloquy to myself, about your ladyship, and that kept me from observing you.

Char. Sir Theodore told me you wanted to speak to me upon some particular business.

Sir Call. Why, look you, madam, for my part, I was never born or bred in a school of compliments, where they learn fine bows, and fine speeches; but in an academy, where heads, and legs, and arms, and bullets, dance country dances without the owner's leave; just as the fortune of war directs. Therefore, madam, all that I can say to you, is, that your eyes have made me a prisoner of war, that Cupid has made a garrison of my heart, and kept me to devilish hard duty; and if you don't relieve me, I shall be a dead man before I come to action.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Archy. He begins vary weel; he has got intul the heat of the battle already. [Aside.]

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, among all your symptoms of love, you have forgot to mention one that I am told is very elegant, and very powerful.

Sir Call. Pray, what is that, madam?

Char. A song that I hear you have made, and set yourself in the true Irish taste.

Sir Call. Madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing the Muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you will pardon my putting your ladyship's name to it.

Char. Upon one condition I will, which is, that you will do me the favour to let me hear you sing it.

Sir Call. O dear madam, don't ax me; it is a foolish song, a mere bagatelle.

Char. Nay, I must insist upon hearing it, as you expect or value the smiles, or fear the frowns, of your mistress; for by your poetry I shall judge of your passion.

Sir Call. Then, madam, you shall have it, if it were ten times worse—hem, hem!—fal, lal, la!—ha! I don't know how I shall come about the right side of my voice.

Sir Archy. Ay, ay, noo for it, noo yee shall hear sic a song as has nai been penn'd sin the time they first clepp'd the wings and tails of the wild Irish.

Sir Call. Now, madam, I tell you before hand, you must not expect such fine singing from me, as you hear at the Opera; for, you know, we Irishmen are not cut out for it, like the Italians.

SONG.

*Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman—but such flesh and blood,
A touch of her finger would do your heart good.*

With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

*Ten times in each day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but cann't, I'm struck dumb;
For Cupid he seizes my heart by surprise,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.*

*Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see,
 She kisses, and hugs him, but frowns upon me :
 Then, pr'ythee, dear Charlotte, abuse not your charms,
 Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms.*

Sir Archy. Come, now the song is over, let us steal off.

[Aside.

Groom. He is a damn'd droll fellow !—Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms.

[Aside.

Sir Archy. Hush ! softly, donna let him see us ; steal off, steal off—he is an excellent droll fellow ; a deevilish comical cheeld.

[Exit Sir Archy, Groom, and Mordecai.

Char. Well, Sir Callaghan, your poetry is excellent, nothing can surpass it but your singing.

Sir Call. Look'e, madam, to come to the point : I know I can't talk fine courtship, and love, and nonsense, like other men, for I don't speak from my tongue, but my heart ; so that if you can take up your quarters for life with a man of honour, a sincere lover, and an honest Prussian soldier, now is your time, I am your man : What do you say, madam ? Come, speak the word boldly, and take me to your arms.

Char. Ha, ha, ha ! don't be so violent, Sir Callaghan—but say a lady were inclined to do herself the honour of going before a priest with you, I suppose you would have so much complaisance for your mistress, as to quit your trade of war, and live at home with her, were she to request it of you.

Sir Call. Why, look you, madam, I will deal with you like a man of honour in that point too, and let you into a secret. I have received the king my master's money (and a brave king he is, I assure you) for above seventeen years, when I had none of my own ; and now I am come to a title and fortune, and that he has need of my service, I think it would

look like a poltroon to leave him ;—no, madam, it is a rule with me never to desert my king, or my friend in distress.

Char. Your sentiment is great, I confess : I like your principles ; they are noble, and most heroic, but a little too military for me—ha, ha, ha ! [Exit.]

Sir Call. What ! does she decline the battle ? Well, then, I'll not quit the field yet, tho' ; I'll reconnoitre her once more, and if I can't bring her to action, why then I'll break up the camp at once, ride post to Germany to-morrow morning, and so take my leave in a passion, without saying a word. [Exit.]

Enter Sir ARCHY and MORDECAI.

Morde. Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy ? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Theodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened.

Sir Archy. Yeer conjecture is vary reeght, Mr. Mordecai, 'tis aw over wi' him—he is undone—a baggar, and so is the girl.

Morde. You astonish me.

Sir Archy. It is an unexpected business ; but 'tis a fact, I assure yee : here he is himsel, poor deevil, hoo dismal he leuks !

Enter Sir THEODORE, and an Attorney.

Sir Theo. You are the attorney concerned for the creditors, Mr. Atkins ?

Attor. I am, Sir Theodore, and am extremely sorry for the accident.

Sir Theo. I am obliged to you, sir, you do but your duty : the young lady is that way, sir ; if you will step to her, I'll follow you. [Exit Attorney.] I hope you will excuse me, Sir Archy—this is a sudden and unhappy affair ; I am unfit

for company ; I must go, and open it myself to poor Charlotte. [Exit.

Morde. But pray, Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this ?

Sir Archy. 'Faith, Mordecai, I do no ken the particulars—but it seems, by the word of Sir Theodore himself, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, his partner, and joint guardian over this girl, are baith bankrupts, and, as the lawyer that is withoot there confirms, have fail'd for above a hundred thousand poonds mair than they can answer.

Morde. But how is this to affect the young lady ?

Sir Archy. Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade, it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner ; besides, the suit in Chancery, that she had wi' the company, for above forty thousand poonds, has been determined against her this very day, so that they are aw undone.—Beggars ! beggars !

Morde. I understood that the affair was clearly in her favour.

Sir Archy. O, sir, ye do na ken the law—the law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yeer face, while it picks yeer pocket : and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it—Here the parties come, and seemingly in great affliction.

Enter Sir THEODORE and CHARLOTTE.

Char. Dear sir, be patient, moderate your sorrow ; it may not be so terrible as your apprehensions make it ; pray, bear up.

Sir Theo. For myself I care not. But that you should be involved in my ruin, left fortuneless, your fair expectation of a noble alliance blasted ! your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and penury—

Char. It cannot prove so bad, sir ; I will not despair, nor shall you ;—for though the law has been so hard against me,

yet, in spite of all its wiles and treachery, a competency will still remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate your misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm is a man of honour, and on his promise and assistance I will rely.

Sir Archy. Wool ye I ye may as weel rely upon the assistance of the Philosopher's stone:—what the deevil, would she marry me to make me tinker up the fortunes of broken ceetezens? But I will speak till them, and end the affair at once. I am concerned to see yee in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

Char. O, Sir Archy, if all the vows of friendship, honour, and eternal love, which you have so often made me, were not composed of idle breath, and deceitful ceremony, now let their truth be seen.

Sir Archy. Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger of ill teedings, but aw our connection is at an end; oor hoose hai heard of my addresses till you; and I hai had letters frai the dukes, the marquis, and aw the dignitaries of the fameely, remonstrating, nay expressly proheebeting my contaminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' any thing sprung frai a hog's-head, or a counting-hoose. I assure yee my passion for yee is meeghty strong, madam, but I cannot bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Char. No more—your apology is baser than your perfidy: there is no truth, no virtue in man.

Sir Archy. Guid truth, nor in woman neither that has nai fortune. But here is Mordecai—now, madam—a wandering Israelite, a casualty—a mere casualty, sprung frai annuities, bulls, bubbles, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hai nai fameely objections—he is passionately fond of yee; and till this offspring of accident and mammon I resign my interest in yee.

Morde. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you; but—a—matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly consider'd, and

I must take some time to deliberate before I determine upon that inextricable business. Besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation.

Char. No apology, sir. Begone—I despise them and you.

Enter Squire Groom.

Groom. Haux! haux! What's the matter here? What is all this? What, are we all at fault? Is this true, Sir Theodore?—I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post.

Sir Theo. It is too true; but I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection.

Groom. Hark ye, Sir Theodore, I always make my match according to the weight my thing can carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case—but I hear her wind is touch'd; if so, I would not back her for a shilling. I'll take her into my stud if you please.—She has a good fore hand, sets both her ends well, has good paces, a good deal of fashion, some blood, and will do well enough to breed out of—but she cannot carry weight sufficient to come through.—Matrimony, Sir Theodore, is a cursed long course, devilish heavy, and sharp turnings;—it won't do—can't come through, my dear, can't come through.

Sir Archy. I think, squire, you judge vary neecely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do, is to snap the Irishman.

Morde. Well observ'd, Sir Archy.

Groom. Macsarcasm has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever follow'd.

Sir Archy. It would be a deevilish lucky match for her.—The fellow has a guid fortune, is a great blockhead, and looves her vehemently; three as guid qualities for a matrimonial

bubble, as a lady in her circumstances would wish. Snap him, snap him, madam.

Morde. Hush! he's here.

Enter Sir Callaghan.

Sir Archy. Ha! my guid freend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss yeer hond; I hai been speaking till the lady in your behalf wi' aw the eloquence I hai; she is enamoor'd o' yeer person, and yee are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hond.

Sir Call. By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me.

Sir Archy. Come, come, madam, true love is impatient, and despises ceremony; gi' him yeer hond at once.

Char. No, sir, I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart: though my fortune is ruin'd, my mind is untainted; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness.

Sir Call. Fortune ruin'd!—Pray, Sir Theodore, what does the importance of all this language mean?

Sir Theo. The sad meaning is, Sir Callaghan, that, in the circuit of fortune's wheel, the lady's station is revers'd; she, who some hours since was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest: this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen professed for her into scorn and ridicule; and I suppose will cool the fervency of yours.

Sir Call. Sir Theodore, I assure you I am heartily glad of her distress.

Sir Theo. Sir!

Sir Call. When she was computed to have an hundred thousand pounds, I lov'd her, 'tis true; but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun; because I look'd upon myself as an unequal match to her: but now she is poor, and that it is in my

power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have into her service.

Sir Theo. Generous indeed, Sir Callaghan.

Sir Call. Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend—which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for.

Sir Theo. Here, take her, sir; she is yours; and, what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune.

Groom. What!

Morde. How's this?

[*Aside.*

Sir Anchy. Gently! hush! softly! he is ainly taking him in—he is taking him in—the bubble's bit.

Sir Theo. And had she millions, your principles deserve her; she has a heart loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and tempered to your warmest wishes.

Sir Call. Pray, Sir Theodore, what does all this mean? Are you in jest, or in earnest? By my honour, I don't know how to believe one word you say. First, she has a fortune, then she has no fortune—and then she has a great fortune again! this is just what the little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.

Sir Theo. Sir, I am serious.

Sir Call. And pray, what are you, madam?—Are you in serious too, or in joke?

Char. Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am yours.

Sir Call. By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you not only for life, but for death too; which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

Sir Theo. I hope, nephew, you will excuse the deceit of

my feign'd bankruptcy, and the pretended ruin of the lady's fortune; it was a scheme devis'd to detect the illiberal, selfish views of prodigals, who never address the fair but as the mercenary lure attracts—a scheme to try and reward your passion, which hath shown itself proof against the times' infection.

Sir Call. 'Faith then it was no bad piece of generalship in you. But now she has surrendered herself prisoner of war, I think I have a right to lay her under contribution—for your kisses are lawful plunder, and mine by the laws of love.

Char. O, Sir Callaghan, you take away my breath.

Sir Call. O, you are a clever little creature. Upon my honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why, the knowing ones are all taken in here—double distanc'd; zounds! she has run a crimp upon us.

Morde. She has jilted us confoundedly.

Sir Archy. By the cross of St. Andrew, I'll be reveng'd: for I ken a lad of an honourable fameely, that understands the auntient classicks in aw their perfaCTION—he is writing a comedy, and he shall insinuate baith their characters in-till it.

Morde. And I will write a satire upon her, in which she shall have an intrigue with a life-guard man and an opera-singer.

Groom. I can't write; but I tell you what I'll do, I'll poison her parrot, and cut off her squirrel's tail, damn me.

Sir Call. Hark ye, gentlemen, I hope you will ax my lave for all this—If you touch a hair of the parror's head, or a hair of any thing that belongs to this lady; or, if you write any of your nonsensical comedies, or lampoons, I shall be after making bold to make a few remarks on your bodies;—hah! I have an excellent pen by my side, that is a very good critic,

and that can write a very legible hand upon impertinent authors.

Sir Arby. Hut awaw, hut awaw, Sir Callaghan, donna talk in that idle mainer, sir—oor swords are as sharp and as responsible as the swords of other men. But this is nai time for sic maiters; yee hai got the lady, and we hai got the wullows.—I am sorry for the little Girgishite, here, because he hais bespoke his nuptial chariot, and aw his leeveries;—and, upon honour, I am sorry for my vary guid friend the squeere—the lady's fortune would have been very convenient till him, for, I fancy, he is fetlock deep in the turf;—and, upon honour, I am sorry for the lady, for she has miss'd being match'd intill the house of Ma sarcasm—which is the greatest loss of aw.

Sir Call. The whole business together is something like the catastrophe of a stage play; where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded. [Exeunt omnes.]

4 AP 54

THE END.